

POETRY.
—
THE ERROR OF APOLOGY.

But the moment all were seated,
looked sadly at the men
And murmured: "Oh, I don't know what
to do;
Somehow, things have turned out badly;
there are things I've overlooked.
There are dishes burned, I'm fearful
and some dishes undercooked."
And she kept on apologizing till
guests at last declared.

woefully prepared.

Now Arthur Green was called on for a speech not long ago. A chance that Arthur Green was given to get, for he had an honest message, something men would like to know. 'Twas a speech that, hearing, no man would regret, and this was the

I'm really not an orator, the art's beyond my reach. I'm afraid I shall bore you, I'm afraid I'll make you." Though his speech was really clever all were glad when he got through.

Now, in this world of ours there are legion Mrs. Browns.

They know.
They spool their own productions
the largeness of their frowns,
And flaws that never would be as
they show.
They begin apologizing for the w
they're going to do.
And they make us all distrustful
before they're really through.
We're decided they are failures, for

Young man, if you are going to do
 deed that's worth your while.
 Step up before the world and do
 Don't pave the way for failure or
 media chance to smile.
 By receding, you'll be

Don't apologize for efforts that n
feebly be or lame.
Don't say that there are others w
could better do the same;
Display a bit of confidence in w
you're going to do
And the world will very quickly
some confidence in you.
—Detroit Free Press

Sleep, sleep in peace, fallen leaves
fallen leaves,
Fallen crimson roses, on the grass
rain-drenched,
Forget the sun, the south wind,
the dew,
Forget the song that gray doves sing
to you,
Day closes, closes.

Sleep, sleep, O roses; loosed the wre
and broken;
The feast is done, empty the gob
bowl,
Forget the lips that touched,
hands that met,
Joys, sorrows, kisses, tears—forget
The dusk has spoken.

La plus belle fleur ne dure qu'un jour
New crimson petals the green house
Sunshine and dew-fall the new day
And their old song anew the do

Will traver the glass nor need that
sleep there.
—Westminster Gazette

VIEWS AND VARIETIES

Clever Sayings

Tommy—Pop, what is the differ

Harold—I know that I'm not worthy of you, my darling. The Fair—Remember that, Harold, and married life is sure to be happy.—Louis Times.

Transcript.

Suffragette—What is a party without women? Mere Man (flippantly). A stag party. Suffragette—Exact. And what, sir, would this nation without women but a stonemason's

China Merchant—Heavens! broken a piece out of that expensive dinner set! Old Clerk—Cheap! Mend it with glue, set it where a customer will knock it to the floor with his coat and charge him for whole set.—Cleveland Leader.

hundred." "A hundred," echoed Serious Barker; "if I could stop a hundred in counting up my war millinery bills I wouldn't be angry." —Washington Star.

Phyllis (up from the country). But, Dick, this is just like the place you brought me to see last time. I don't like it.

"Mrs. Wilfong, how many lodges does your husband belong to?" "I am a member of four lodges and four councils." "What is the difference between them?" "The difference is in places.—Punch.

when he goes to a lodge meeting generally stays later."—Chicago Tribune.

MUCH IN LITTLE

Two thousand years is the officially ascertained age of the Gospel oak.

Austrian women cast their first ballot the other day. Single women and widows in the province of Vozarlik who possessed taxable property in conformity with the new election law

Cement makers' itch, one of the cut diseases due to occupation, is an intense itching resembling true itch, instead of being caused by a parasite. It results from some chemical or mechanical action on the skin not yet understood.

Paint for indicating heated bearings in machines is made by Tollner of equal parts of iodide of mercury, iodide of copper, with enough distilled water to form a good paste. The paint turns black at 140 degrees Fahrenheit, returning to red on cooling.

point of escorting women and children home. When the party reaches its destination the cat returns to its post and escorts other persons in the same way, keeping up this strange act until about 10 o'clock at night.

With the advent of railway

tract of the Transvaal renewed interest is attracted to the agricultural wealth of the Silet Valley in particular, apart from the rich mineral possibilities, which have induced the Transvaal government to appropriate \$2,500,000 to the resuscitation of the Silet railway and for its extension northward.